

To Forgive, but Never Forget

by Siti Marie

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Summary: Welcome to the world after the Giver. Changes, discovery, and chaos are just around the corner. Whatever happened to Jonas? And what about the Community? This story has both a sequel & a prequel. Look in my profile for both stories! (click on Siti Marie)

1. Prolouge

GiverPro

Update- Hey all! I'm revamping this story and most of my other ones. I hope you like the new versions. I will have new chapters ready when I can.

>

>
 This is my first Giver story, and I hope you like it. I don't have much yet, and what I do have is a ten minute jot down, but if you want me to go on, I will! I know that WAY more people read then review, so please, at least say good, okay, or bad if you don't want to be long winded.

>
 Disclaimer- I don't own The Giver, it belongs to Lois Lowry. Done.

>

> Prologue
 2245 The Community

>
 Fiona knew, knew it in her heart that Jonas would not be coming back. She also knew that he was dead. No fancy cover ups there. The Memories had taught her that. The memories were driving the Community to death, they couldn't handle them. Fiona heard yet another scream, and knew that a new wave was upon them, but this time, she felt no pain...

>
 She was sailing, that was the word, on an... an, ocean! She let herself fall into the memory, only feeling a little guilty. All too soon, she was out of it, and back into her falling apart community. She decided to find the Giver, Jonas' Giver. If anyone knew what to do, it would be him.

>
 It was still there, The Annex, but no longer was the door locked, it swung in the wind, inviting her to move inside, she did. It was dim, but not unpleasant, and it smelled. She felt her nose twitch, it had never done that before. Never.

>
 Are you going to just stand there, or are you going to come in? a voice called from inside. With only a slight hesitation, Fiona entered the same door Jonas had only weeks before.

>

>
 December, 25 2345

>
 As Jonas slid down the hill, he heard the music; it was candy to his ears. He heard Gabe laughing in delight as he slid faster, faster, down the hill, and then the boy was silent. Gabe listened. Gabe heard music too.

>
 For one horrible moment he was reminded of the Memory where had had fallen and broken his leg, but then, they were at the bottom.

>
 Jonas called out hoarsely, and then fell into unconsciousness.

>
 Well, there it is. Not much, I know, but please tell me if you want me to go on!

2. Chapter One

Giver1

Now updated! Enjoy!

>

> *Original Author's Note*
 I'm back! This is Chapter one to my story. Not much happens, but alot of the background is laid down, and things happen that will be important later.

>
 I want to thank Rebeller, Alex Foster, and Leevie for their nice reviews, they meant so much to me!

>
 Disclaimer- The Giver belongs to Lois Lowry.

>
 There! Done with that! On to the story!

>

>

> Chapter 1
 Elsewhere

> December 25, 2245

>

> Who is he? The voice was young.

> Shh, you can't imagine how tired he must be. Older...

> Why were they talking so loud. His head hurt. Couldn't they be quiet?

> Eliza, please stop asking questions. Please do.

> Jonas almost felt it as that conversation had been swirling clouds, materializing into voices, he was tired, very tired, and hungry too. Let's take it one step at a time.'. Jonas sat up, slowly.

> He's awake Papa! A little girl squealed, she couldn't be more than a eight, not much older than... his sister. It had been days since he thought about her. Strange. Why did this little girl remind him of her. They didn't even look similar. This young girl had fire red hair, like... Fiona.

> What's your name, son? The older man asked. Before Jonas answered he looked around. So many colors! Blue, yellow, red, green, purple. The people in front of him were all like the very, very, few in the Community that had red hair, or blue eyes.

> I'm Jonas. Who are you? Jonas answered tentatively

> The green eyed, yellow haired man in front of him smiled, and said, I'm Goren, and this is my daughter, Eliza. he paused, and a troubled look came over his jade colored eyes. Jonas, are you from... The Community?

> Jonas cut himself off, suddenly realized something, Where is Gabe?

> You mean the cute little boy you brought with you? He's with my wife in the next room. Hey! I'm starving, do you want to stay for Christmas dinner? My wife always makes enough for an army. Goren replied, switching the topic several times. Jonas stared at him. Twice Goren had not used procession of language. Twice, and Goren was fully grown!

> Gabe's laughter brought him out of whatever world he had been in. Jonas looked at the door, and smiled. Gabe was fine.

> You said you were from the Community. How did you manage the Sameness? Goren asked. Your eyes are blue. I've rarely seen that in one of your kind. But I'm hoping you will become one of us.

> When I was a twelve, I was chosen to be a Receiver, a holder of the memories. It was a blessing. And a curse. He closed his eyes, willing his eyes not to betray him and begin to fill with tears.

> I saw things I'd never believed could ever happen. I learned about Elsewhere, and how all these things existed. Smell, colors, sunlight, stars, none existed before I received the memories. All of my friends are still there, still in Sameness, he thought.

> Then, I decided to do something about it, so... I left. So the memories should have gone back. To the people. I wanted to take the Giver with me, but he wouldn't hear it. He said he had to help the others. Some help I was...

> Why bring Gabe? He's just a little kid! Goren asked, did he think he'd wanted to drag a little boy with him. It had been a necessity

> They were going to kill him because he couldn't sleep well at night. Jonas replied coldly.

> Goren whispered, and averted his eyes.

> So is Jonas going to stay with us? Please can he? You mean the Community really exists? WOW! I thought it was just a story. Eliza rushed out the words like they were on fire and the only way to survive was to spill them out as fast as possible. He couldn't help but to smile at her antics. But then he was all business.

> Jonas said gravely, I want to go back. There are some friends of mine I want to help.

> Will they live through the memories? Goren asked. He was so blunt. Jonas couldn't believe how rude- Cut that thought, Jonas, he chided himself, this isn't the Community.

> I know they will. They just have to. Or my whole trip was a waste. Jonas answered with a wisdom that was beyond his years. Asher... Fiona.

> Come on! You have to meet Granny! And Mama! And my brothers! Eliza shot out at light speed. Idly, Jonas wondered if the child could talk in a normal tone of voice.

> Jonas allowed himself a small smile as he let himself be tugged out of the room and down the stairs into the dining room.

> Again, there was so much color, candles on the table, and several people seated around it. Goren pointed to an empty seat between two two boys who looked to be around his age. He also noticed that he was across from Gabe.

> Gabe was seated in another chair that was raised to accommodate his smaller size. Just then two women walked in, one young, one older, with red hair streaked with white pulled back into a tight bun at the base of her neck. They brought plates of steaming food to the table, set them down, and went for more.

> Smells reached Jonas' nose that he couldn't even begin to imagine. But then a startled shout jerked him back to the present.

> Jonas! The whole room just blinked! What is wrong with Honey's hair? It's weird! Gabe shouted. Jonas realized that Gabe was beginning to see colors, Honey must be Goren's spouse, for her hair

was a violent red that reminded Jonas of Fiona.

> Fiona.

> Alright everyone, I want to introduce Jonas and Gabe. Goren pointed to each in turn, then paused as the women slipped into seats at the table. Jonas, Gabe, this is my wife Honey, her mother- Goren was interrupted.

> Goren stop embarrassing yourself! I'm Granny, don't call me anything different. Duke, Jake, introduce yourselves. You've already met Eliza. Granny interrupted Goren, with a small smile. Let them introduce themselves!

> Hi! I'm Jake! The boy to his left told him with a small smile, and shy eyes. And I'm Duke! That was the boy to to right, he grinned broadly, and thumped him on the back We're twins! The two boys took turns, coming together at the end. They were identical, right down to their jade eyes and strawberry blond hair.

>
 Twins. In the community one of them wouldn't even be alive. From the way they had spoken to him, they knew it too.

>
 All that meal, The Community wasn't even brought up. The whole family talked about anything and everything under the sun. He decided that he liked it here, and he just had to get Fiona and Asher here too.

>

> Community

> Asher kicked a stone ahead of him, he now knew why Jonas had been so weird when they played that game. It was a war game. Asher now knew what war was, and wished he'd never learned. He kicked at the stone again, missed, and sighed.

> Sure, every now and again he got a good memory, but they didn't begin to make up for the bad ones. He sometimes found himself hating Jonas for dieing, but he also knew that that wasn't a good thing for himself, or for his good memories of his best friend from so long ago.

> Asher decided to go see the one man who knew how to deal with what he was feeling.

> The Giver.

> He walked into the Annex, and found the door to a room inside,opened it, and to his total surprise, there was Fiona.

>
 Fiona listened as the Giver told her the tale of his life. The memories, and how they gave him wisdom.

>
 Other than you and two others, one of which being Jonas, I've never told this to anyone. Nobody. The Giver ended, or began.

>
 Now I will tell you about Jo-

>
 Asher was suddenly in the doorway.

>
 I want to hear too. I want to help. Asher stated.

>
 Very well. Let me begin. Jonas is not dead. Now, don't interrupt me yet, he isn't anywhere around here. Jonas left for Elsewhere. He took Gabe, that's the little boy his family was helping, and left on a bike. The Giver paused, and glanced at the two people in front of him. They were young, but he decided that they were exactly what he needed.

>
 We decided that this was the best thing to do because, as he got further away from the Community, they Memories would come back. You have seen the memories, and I'm sure both of you have begun to see glimmers of color. Both children nodded.

>
 I'm sure Jonas will be coming back too. It is the kind of person he is. He is an individual, different. Let's give him something to come back too. The Giver explained in a low calm voice that seemed so comforting. Neither interrupted.

>
 Almost all the memories are back. I think that there will only

be a few more waves. The major problem comes afterward, when they try to go back to the Sameness. We can't let them. We are too close to stop now. The two youths could only nod, and hope that what they do would be enough.

>
 ~Siti~

>

> <p>

3. Chapter Two

Giver2

Updated! As most of you know, I'm having computer software problems, so no new chapters are going to come out for some time. Don't get me wrong, I will finish WFMSTR, which is this story's sequel, but it will be a while.

>
 I'm now trying to fix some of the technical errors in my earlier chapters, *grin* many have been pointed out to me. When I remember that promise that the next one would be out in a week...

>
 Well, I hope all of my older readers will email me, even if they can't review again. I'd love to hear how everyone likes the updated version.

>
 Original Authors Note

>
 Hi! I'm back! In this chapter quite a bit happens. I hope you like it, and REVIEW!

>
 I want to thank Liz Skywalker and Amethyst for their wonderful reviews, you know, a writers reward is the feed back they get.

>
 Disclaimer- The Giver belongs to Lois Lowry.

>
 Done with that, on to the fic!

>

>
 Chapter 2

> Elsewhere, December 26, 2245

> Jonas dreamed that night of juicy turkey, smothered with salty gravy, and piles of delicious sweet potatoes. So many questions ran though his mind. How did these people get here? How will I help? How can I get them to help me? All this and more twirled and danced in his abused mind, as it struggled to pull him back from dreamland.

> Jonas heard a loud clang from the kitchen, so he headed in that direction. As he entered, he saw Granny trying to reach up to a shelf that was eluding her, she finally noticed him and said, Jonas be a dear and get that pot for me will you?

> Jonas was several inches taller than Granny so the cast iron pot she was pointing to was in his easy reach, though the older woman was having trouble getting it down. Jonas brought the pot down and handed it to Granny. She smiled her thanks.

> I suppose you are wondering how we got her, and why we aren't in a Community. Jonas nodded eagerly.

> Granny sighed, but began an obviously painful recollection. Well, when I was just a seven, we escaped from my Community it was a horrible! We were chased for days... Jonas was shocked, as Granny paused to wipe her eyes with her sleeve.

> But we made it, and eventually, we found other people like us. I escaped with my family unit, and a couple others. Granny began to gather ingredients, moving around the kitchen while still talking.

> Those that we found were either descendants of those who were missed in the original round up of people for the Sameness, or others

like us that escaped. People escaped? How? He opened his mouth to ask, but she was already going on.

> We all began to see color, and now we all try to make things as vibrant as possible. I'm the only one in this house who was ever a part of a Community. My daughter was born just across the meadow behind the house. My grandchildren were all born right here in this house. We are proud of it too! Granny's eyes flashed, and she turned her attention to the pot in front of her. He wondered if she'd say anything else.

> Right now if we were in a community, I would either be dead, or in a House For The Old. I'm proud to be alive, and I told myself that I'd never let myself down. And I never have. Jonas realized she was right. At some point in that speech, she had stopped talking to him, and started talking to herself, he felt privileged to be so honored as to hear her story.

> Granny looked at him again. So Jonas, we are going to help you. That is what we people from Elsewhere do.

> The old woman looked up, opened her mouth to voice a warning, but it was too late. Suddenly, Jonas was on the floor. Eliza grinned down at him. Hi!! I'm up! He felt so weird having personal contact with someone. Lily never would have done that. Eliza grinned at him again, then rolled off him, scrambling over to her grandmother.

> Granny! Can we dye the oat meal different colors? Eliza asked, jumping up and down with anticipation.

> I don't see why not. Granny grinned at her granddaughter before pouring steaming oatmeal into several large bowls. She then reached into a drawer, and pulled out several small glass bottles of colored fluid. She handed them to Eliza.

> The small girl was surprisingly careful as she opened one bottle and dripped several drops into the first bowl. She repeated the process in each bowl, always using a different color, then she took a big spoon and mixed it all in. The colors swirled around like rainbow tornadoes before becoming pastel tints of red, blue, yellow, green, orange and pink.

> Granny slid a large platter out of a cupboard under the smooth wood counter and set the bowls on it. As she walked slowly into the dining room, she called to Jonas, Could you bring out the pitcher? It's on the counter.

> Jonas looked at the counter. There was a blue pitcher sitting there with orange fluid inside. He picked it up and carried it into the dining room.

> I'll get everyone! Eliza shouted. The little girl ran up the stairs, calling,

> Soon everyone was in the dining room. As the family ate the Technicolor Ed oatmeal, Goren stood up, Everyone, I am going to take Jonas, Jake, and Duke back to the Community to help-

> I'm coming too. Granny said. There was a look of determination on her face that combatted with her years to make her look younger. Just like when she smiled, Jonas thought.

> Mother! You can't! You are too old! You could get hurt! Honey was shocked. She looked stunned.

> None of you but Jonas have ever been in a Community. I'm going and that's final. It was final, but it took Granny the better part of a half hour to convince her family she was serious.

> Goren sighed heavily, but he finally agreed. Everyone get ready. We leave on horseback at noon.

> After that, the same kind of carefree conversation they'd had the evening before came back. Jonas was so relaxed, he almost could forget where he was going.

> Almost.

> ***

> As Jonas helped pack supplies, he realized something. Something very important. Something he couldn't believe he'd forgotten! Goren, I don't know how to ride a horse! Goren looked dumbstruck. This wasn't something he'd been prepared to deal with.

> Then the twins were all over him. Duke spoke up, We'll teach you! Come on!

> We sure will! added Jake, grinning like a fool. Why do I have a bad feeling about this? Jonas thought.

> *****
 Community

>
 The Giver must have been right about the Memories being almost over, for that night, Fiona's sleep was only interrupted once by Memories, and it was a good one. It was a rainbow, filled with colors she was only just beginning to see, they all named themselves to her, and the colors stuck with her. She would try extra hard to get those colors into her daily life. Everything was so gray. Color was life, Gray was the Community... Fiona drifted back to sleep.

>
 Her alarm woke her at the usual time, but it seemed much too early. She just wanted to see that rainbow forever. Wanted to dream about it, slide down it, wanted to be so close she could taste the colors. But there were things to do today.

>
 As she entered the eating room, she saw her come in as well. Are you going to go to work today? She asked. She already knew the answer.

>
 her snapped. Who knows when another Memory will hit! They both looked tired and bedraggled. It was obvious that they hadn't have a nice Memory like she had. Either that or they didn't appreciate it like I did.

>
 The only one who looked awake was her younger brother. The small two was toddling his way towards her; she swung him up into her arms.

>
 Mother, I'm taking Bruno and going out for a while. I'll be back later. Fiona said, her just nodded absently.

>
 Fiona sighed and walked out the front door. As she walked down the road with Bruno, she remembered the hills in her Memories. Everything here was so flat. No sunlight here either. She wished she was with Jonas. Where ever he was...

>
 Fiona could have ridden her bike, but then she would have had to leave Bruno behind, and with the Community the way it was right now, she didn't think that it would be safe. Bruno would stay with her.

>
 She knew that the Giver would have food. She hadn't eaten since breakfast the day before, and that was an apple stolen from the orchard. Then people had set it on fire. The blaze had been quenched, but it had mainly been the efforts of her and several other citizens in training. They seemed to be the only older people with their heads on straight. How ironic!

>
 Fiona and Bruno rounded the corner of The House For The Old, and entered the Annex. She felt a slight pang of sympathy for the Old, nobody was taking care of them. She had to help them too. That is, if they were still alive. Many probably had died, they all needed help to do things...

>
 In the Annex, she found the Giver talking to Asher. Asher had his three year old sister with him, just as Bruno was with her. Hi Fiona! Want a bowl of breakfast? Asher greeted her.

>
 She nodded, and Asher passed out two bowls of cereal, one for her, and one for Bruno. The eager and hungry two dug into the food with a vengeance.

>
 She ate only slightly more calmly.

>
 As I was telling Asher, we have to make individuality

favorable over Sameness. Soon here the Council will regain order, we can't let them. I've asked- The Giver began.

>
 The door to the Annex slammed open, then the inner door. Fiona wondered who was coming in.

>
 I don't know what you are trying to do! The Chief Elder yelled. I will regain order! And you can't stop us! You will take back the Memories and you will train another! With that she slammed both doors. Bruno and Phillipa stared at their order siblings, then at each other. Then started to eat again.

>
 What do we think we're doing? What does SHE think she's doing! We can't let Jonas come back to a reformed Community. Giver, how do we make people see our side? Fiona shouted. She was so angry. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she wanted to scream wordlessly like some of her Memories of girls did. It seemed to help them at least.

>
 We show them what they are missing. We get at the Sameness generator and turn it off. Sunlight will come back, so will clouds, rain, and- The Giver stated. It seemed so hopeless, but...

>
 Fiona asked.

>
 Then the Giver grinned. But soon his face hardened in concentration. But first we have to figure out how, it won't be easy.

>

> Elsewhere

> <p>

Honey watched as her family rode off. They were off to save the world. Or the Community anyway. In the Elder's eyes, that's all that there was. Her eyes stung with salty tears Come back to me! She shouted.

>
 We will! Goren shouted back. With two new additions to the family!

>
 Never too many! Honey shouted.

>
 Jonas, heels down! Jake shouted at Jonas. The boy grimaced, but corrected his posture.

>
 That look on the normally serious Jonas' face was enough for Honey to decide then and there, that Jonas was her son.

>
 ~Siti~

>

4. Chapter Three

Giver3

Here is another chapter updated for you people. I also have some good news, I'm getting new software this week end! So, there should be a new chapter to Waiting for my Sun to Rise very shortly. Thanks to everyone for their patience!

>

> -Original Author's Note-
 Sorry I took so long, but I was away from my computer. (The torture!) And unless I really work, it is doubtless I will be able to write another chapter for two weeks. (Going to be a counselor!) I'm leaving Sunday, so, after that, no more parts until two Saturdays after that. As always, please review! It is every writers dream to have many reviews, so please, take the extra moment and leave a comment.

>
 A want to thank Liz Skywalker, Leevie, Jenn, and Meagan for their wonderful reviews! This ones for you four! Especially Liz for

reminding me that my story exists by writing a nice review only a little while ago!

>

>

>

>

> Chapter 3
 On the road from Elsewhere

> December 27, 2245

>

>
 Jonas struggled at first on his horse, Trish, but with a little, um, in the saddle experience, he found he could at least stay in the saddle. He also had some very observant instructors, the things they said still often rang through his mind. Mainly because they had to remind him every couple of minutes!

>
 Knees in Jonas!

>
 Heels down Jonas!

>
 Fix your fingers Jonas!

>
 And the list went on. Jonas however, was no stranger to the hard work involved in traveling, but even his hardened muscles from riding his fathers bike, then walking towards Elsewhere were sore from having to stay for hours in the saddle the day before.

>
 The night before he'd eaten, helped with the tents, then crashed. Jonas had slept hard, and it had taken Duke splashing water in his face to wake him up. Now they were on the road again, this time for hours longer than yesterday.

>
 Jonas heard the clip clap of a horse coming up behind him, and he turned to see Jake pulling up beside him. You okay? You sure didn't want to get up this morning. But then, who does after their first day of riding? You mentioned Memories. Did you ride horses in memories? Jake asked.

>
 Only once, and it really wasn't the same thing. I how to ride, and the horse knew me. I wasn't really there, though I could see, hear, and smell, I even could feel the saddle under me, but at the same time, I was still in the Annex, and I could feel that too. Do you sort of understand? Jonas explained.

>
 I think so. I was surprised that you knew the names of everything, but never seemed to have used it before, that's why I asked. Duke was wondering the same things. Oh, and by the way, heels down. Jake smirked, and rejoined his twin.

>
 Ha ha, very funny Jake. But Jonas knew he was right, and if he didn't learn how to ride, where would he be in a couple of weeks? Jonas tried to remember how long he was on the road. Two weeks, three maybe, maybe more. But they were moving faster now. He hoped they wouldn't take more than a couple weeks. Jonas knew that when they came to the first Community, all chaos would have broken loose. He remember what the Giver had said once.

>
 Jonas, I'm not only responsible for this Community, but for others too. You will have to be very careful when you go to Elsewhere, I'm not sure when your Memories will fade, probably not before the last Community, I've been there myself, but be careful. Be very careful. He'd said.

>
 He was jolted out of his own memories by the voice of Granny. You okay son? You looked a little out of it for a bit there. Thinking about the Community? Granny's thin eyebrows were arched in concern for him.

>
 Yeah, I mean, yes I'm fine. I was thinking about the Giver. The one part of the Community that doesn't make me want to regurgitate my food, or to rush out and help. Jonas was surprised at his own language. He knew, had he still been in the Community, he would have been chastised. Or worse.

>
 But you aren't in the Community anymore. Or at least, you aren't a part of it anymore. The way you act, it makes me wonder how you ever could have been. In a good way... Granny trailed off, letting him think about what she'd said.

>
 She's right Jonas realized. I'm not part of the community any longer.

>
 Ah, then why do you keep thinking about it. Comparing it.' The little voice in his head asked. Could it be, you want to go back?'

>
 Jonas shook his head, that couldn't be it. He hated the Community. Didn't he?

>

>
 *** One week later

>

>
 They topped a mountain, and the plain truth was reveled. For miles ahead, there were trees, flowers, animals, then after a long ways, the land flattened out, and the trees dies off. A week. A week at most until the first Community. I remember this spot. Granny said. She sounded nervous, but when she looked at him, he could find no sign of it in her brave venerable face.

>
 Jonas knew she was right. He remembered it too. He dreaded what he'd see in the first Community.

>
 A little guilt, huh Jonas?'

>
 Get out of my head! His mind screamed. And for a while, the voice backed away. For a time.

>

>

>
 The Community

> January 3, 2245

>

> One night in the last week, Fiona's parents had disappeared. She didn't know where they were, and to be honest, she didn't really care. Fiona knew that there were way too many empty dwellings. So many people gone. Where did they all go? Surely they hadn't all... died? But, wouldn't there have been bodies. A Memory of a battlefield came to mind, and angrily, she brushed it aside. Not the time for that.

> The Elders were regaining control. They had The Home For Childless Adults, the largest concentration of grown people. That WAS something to worry about, because adults, healthy young ones were important to the survival of the Community

> The Giver wasn't without support though, as per Fiona's suggestion, they'd helped the Old, and now their main as the Giver called it, was the House of The Old. The oldest weren't much help in physical matters, but their many years of experience in all the places of The Community were invaluable for them.

> They'd also found out, that many of the Old still were fine. Just whitened hair, and frailer bodies, some, not even yet very frail.

> And to think you once killed them.' Fiona knew that, and was not proud of it, but she liked to think that that was another life, another Fiona. She sighed in remorse.

> Another of their few assets, was the Citizens in training. Many, nearly all had joined them, the Memories had taught them the ways of things, and only needed to know the way things could have been. Then they helped.

> They also had saved the most helpless of the Citizens. The newchildren. The ones. It wasn't a strange thing to find a young child wandering alone in the road. The Elders didn't care. They knew that the young were the future, if waiting for the grown ups to die

was what it took, they would do it. They didn't know, or care to find out about how to have children. It seemed barbaric, but it was simple truth, if a harsh one.

> They'd also had a stroke of luck, a former Agricultural worker had told them where the fields used to be, and in that area was grains and vegetables growing wild. Enough for a while at least. They'd also managed to get hold of the Hatchery, so they could breed fish indefinitely.

> Recipe books in the Annex had taught them how things used to be made, and all it took was deciphering the ingredients to what they were now. Or finding substitutes.

> We still are no closer to the Generator than a week ago! A citizen in training shouted. Fiona was brought out of her thoughts, back into the meeting she'd been in for the past two hours.

> A boy who had been one of Fiona's school mates, Isaac, replied, "Physically no. But soon we will have more people than them! We even have a few adults now, we should keep doing what we have been.

> But Harold, a boy a few years older said, What are we doing besides growing food, and raising fish? We know now how to make things to take over using force! We have Security Guard weapons! I say we go after it!

> After a bit more arguing, Asher stood up. Alright guys, both those plans might work, but they both have faults. Isaac's would take too long, while Harold's could get us all killed. Here is what we do. Here we go. I just hope I can do my part.

> Group one. You will be building fireworks. These will be set off to distract all of our enemies. This group will include mechanics, laborers, and anyone with vivid memories of fireworks. The Giver has offered to transmit more memories of how to make them to certain people who he thinks he can transmit to. Also, we have several books on the process. Anyone with blueprint knowledge should be in this group. Everyone specified should see the Giver at noon tomorrow for details on this group. Especially Engineers. Please raise your hand to volunteer for this group.

> Slowly, over fifty hands went up.

> Group two will be setting them off. Many of you will also be in the building process, but I also want Construction Laborers, and anyone with body strength above average. I will need at least thirty of you, hopefully more. Asher explained.

> About forty hands went up.

> All of you, see me after this meeting in the other meeting hall. He used his pointer to indicate the door that led to the smaller conference room at the side of the Hall

> Group three will go after the generator. I will need anyone who was a security guard, or was training to be one, and anyone who has worked on, or near to the Sameness Generator.

> Slowly, a dozen or so hands went up.

> Fiona will be your group leader. Meet her here after this meeting.

> All of you who don't have a job yet will keep us going until two weeks from now when we launch our plan, that night, all of you not assigned to groups, and those who are making fireworks, should make alot of noise and well, general chaos. The Oldest should stay here and guard the fort, tools will be provided to do so. Does everyone understand? Asher finished his bearing was not asking for any stupid questions, and his manner was polite, but firm. No hands were raised.

> came the united response. Fiona grinned wildly. Finally we are getting somewhere.

> Finally, we will be a REAL community.

> ~Siti~

> <p>

5. Chapter Four

Hi!

>
 I'm back! Well, even though I had a great time at camp, I have to say I'm glad to be home, now I can write up a storm once again. This part isn't long, but I think it's very important.
>
 I want to thank Liz Skywalker, Jenn, and Euphoria for there wonderful reviews, and Alex Foster, for reviewing my poem.
>
 Hey guys, if you like the story, PLEASE leave a comment. Any little comment.
>
 And now, drum roll please,
>
 THE DISCLAIMER!
>
 I do not own The Giver and claim no rights to it, it all belongs to Lois Lowry!
>

> Okay, now you can read the story.

>

>

> Chapter four
 First Community
> January 2, 2246

> <p>

Jonas' breath caught as they entered the Community, so much like his own. Several buildings were burnt down and people ran from them, they didn't seem like people though, more like ghosts, with their pale skin, and tattered clothing, they peeked from inside broken windows, around cracked open doors.
>
 Nobody challenged them. He wondered if this was what awaited him in the Community he used to call home. But, he didn't think so. The Giver was there.
>
 More wonders Jonas? More questions? More...guilt?' Out of my head! He felt like screaming it, but he knew it wouldn't make any difference. It would only come back.
>
 Duke whispered.
>
 This is a Community? Not exactly what I had in mind. Jake whispered back.
>
 Nothing here to see. Lets' go. said Goren firmly.
>
 This isn't natural. You'd think they'd pull themselves together. That someone would do something. Granny voiced.
>
 Obviously nobody tried very hard. This place looks like a dungeon. Duke said.
>
 Have you ever seen a dungeon? Jonas said, surprised.
>
 No, but if I did, this is what it would look like. Duke replied.
>
 Let's keep going. I don't think anyone wants to camp here. Goren urged.
>
 They rode on.
>
 No more words were spoken until the Community was out f sight behind them.
>
 What are we going to do if Jonas' Community looks like that? Jake asked.
>
 Then we try to find his friends. And leave.Granny answered.

>
 The rest of the day was quiet, not much was said. Jonas guessed they all felt a little out of it after what they'd seen earlier, and even the fact that it was no longer in sight, didn't erase the image fro their minds. Not even close. They all wondered if that was what awaited them at the end of the road.

>
 It was only another full da before the saw another community in the distance. But this one seemed different. They could see people, and the fields up ahead looked tended, and healthy.

>
 As they came closer, they saw people coming towards them, two girls, and an older boy.

>
 Greetings! Welcome to our home. They all caught the point that had been given, Community had not been used.

>
 Come on! Gretele will want to meet you! She is, was, our chief elder. She pulled us back together after the Memories. We are modeled after what we know of Elsewhere.

>
 Goren smiled broadly. You are a great sight you town. The last Community we'd seen was in considerably less repair.

>
 The boy just nodded sadly. He turned, and they followed him. The two little girls ran back to the field.

>
 He led them into the town and to a large building. Inside was many offices, but only one was full. As the boy called out, that one person looked up, and smiled.

>
 Hello. You aren't from around here are you? Gretele asked.

>
 No. We aren't. I'm Goren, and these are my sons, Duke and Jake, my mother in law, and Jonas, my new adopted son.

>
 Jonas looked up in surprise. Goren, had ... adopted him. He didn't know what to think, he drifted out of reality for a while.

>
 Jonas? The Jonas? Receiver? We have much to thank you for. Gretele asked.

>
 Jonas blushed. Your welcome. I think.

>
 You are of course headed to Jonas' Community? If so. There is a shortcut, you can get there in five days time, but I warn you, there is a war going on there. Gretele explained.

>
 A war? Goren asked.

>
 Yes. The adults and the Community elders, against The Citizens in Training, and the Old.

> There are only a few names that we know. Among them are The Giver, The Chief Elder, and two other names, that don't seem to have been important before now. Asher, and Fiona.

> Jonas felt his heart flutter. A civil war in his old Community? With Jonas and Fiona at the head?

> Wait a sec. How do you know terms like civil war? Granny asked.

> You'll find tat Elders know many things. They just don't often share them. And with that she turned back to her desk.

> As they left, the same boy who had brought them in, handed them a map. You'll want that.

> They left that Community with higher hopes, than when they'd left the last. For now they knew that change was possible.

> <p>

Community

> January 2, 2246

> <p>

Asher felt like he had to be in three places at once. He was tired, he was frustrated, and if another person cam up to him with a petty problem, he thought he'd explode.

>
 There was a knock at the door.

>
 What is it now? he demanded.

>
 Fiona opened the door and walked in. Are you feeling alright?
You seemed a bit strung up the whole day.
>
 Just a bit tired I guess. Have I been that cranky?
>
 You bet! Now, there are some fireworks that need your special
touch, get a move on! Fiona shooed him out of the room, then followed
him.
>
 Fiona felt pride as she walked down the hallway, and that was
precision of language, she saw people working together. Young with
Old, as she passes a play room, she saw small children, being cared
for by older children, each of whom had now adopted a couple younger
siblings.
>
 As she watched the other little kids in the room, she wasn't
nearly prepared for the mini tank that plowed into her.
>
 Bruno shouted.
>
 Fiona replied, winded. She glanced at Asher and saw no help
was going to come from him, he'd been similarity plowed into by a
giggling Phillipa.
>
 Come on you little rascal! Back into the playroom with you.
Asher tickled his little sister, making her howl in glee. She ran
back into the playroom, to escape her older brother.
>
 Bruno backed away, as if saying, don't you dare try that on
me.
>
 Fiona didn't and merely grinned and pointed to the playroom.

>
 They are who we are doing this for. Asher whispered, so quietly
that Fiona almost didn't hear him.
>
 She agreed. They were the future.
>

>
 ~Siti~
> <p>

6. Chapter Five

Giver5

Hi!

>
 I'm a bit disappointed. I only got two reviews on my last
story, and one of them was mine! Please guys, give reviewing a try,
it's one of the things that keep writers going.
> <p>

> <p>

This part might make you cry, or maybe laugh, or maybe no emotion at
all if you are that kind of person, but watch out, there is emotion a
bound into this chapter!

>
 I want to thank Liz Skywalker for her nice review, and Maria,
who reviewed Part one and is the one who convinced me to start
writing in the first place.

>
 Disclaimer: I do not own, or claim to own The Giver the rights
to that book and all the characters within are Lois Lowry's. I
however own Jake, Duke, Goren, Honey, and Granny, please email me if
you wish to use them in a story.

>

> Now, the story...

>

> Chapter 5
 January 8 2246
> On a winding trail to The Community

> <p>

Jonas thought about the woman they'd seen in the other Community. She'd seemed a bit odd to him, and it wasn't until now that he'd realized why. She had had the same pale eyes as Gabe did.

>
 As he did.

>
 Do you really think this trail will get us there quicker? Duke asked doubtfully.

>
 That woman had pale eyes. The ones with pale eyes were always the ones who fought the Sameness, who could receive memories well. I don't think someone like that would lie to me. Jonas disagreed.

>
 Duke just looked blankly at him, and Jonas wondered if he'd even heard what he'd said, let alone understood him.

>
 Jonas, turn around. Duke whispered.

>
 Jonas did. And found himself staring into the face of,

>

>

>
 Asher couldn't believe his eyes, but, there it was. Jonas.

>
 About five feet in the air. On a...

>
 Asher dug in his Memories, on a horse. That was it. A horse.

>
 Who are all of the people with you, Jonas? Behind Jonas were several people, all on horses.

>
 Well, it's a long story, but this is Goren, the TWINS over there are Duke and Jake, and the older woman is- Jonas was interrupted.

>
 I'm Granny, and don't you get a mind to call me anything different. I lived in a Community myself, and we escaped. The old lady stopped, and Asher was staring at her.

>
 Escaped? I couldn't imagine escaping, before the Memories all came. Speaking of the memories, we need your help! Our Community is- Again he was interrupted, Asher was astonished at the amount of rudeness among these people.

>
 A civil war. We know, one of the Community's told us. The one called Goren said.

>
 By the way, do any of you know how to make fireworks? Asher asked. He was prepared for Goren, or even Jonas to answer, but to his astonishment, the answer came from Jake.

>
 Me and Duke do. We are total pranksters, and proud of it! Jake said proudly, and Duke nodded in agreement

>
 Goren groaned, That they do. They've almost set the house on fire a couple of times.

>
 Just then a shout came from down the trail a ways, Asher? You alright? You should be gone from this section right now, I'm your follow up. Are you sure you are following procedure? Maybe you should check one of those books The Giver has- The boys who'd come round the corner just then, froze.

>
 Who are you? And what kind of creature are you on? Tell me!

Pierre's voice was trembling with every word, and it was obvious he'd never had a memory of a horse before.

>
 Come on. The Giver and Fiona will want to see you. Asher said and took off down the trail.

>

>
 Fiona. That meant she was still okay, but he'd known that. Hadn't he? Hadn't the Elder at the last Community told him that?

>
 _Your wonderful Fiona in a war. Are you going to rescue her? I'd like to see you try. But then, I will. Won't I?

>

> he screamed in his head. But nobody heard him.

> All of a sudden, they were there. A ways down the river, near the bridge. Automatically, he headed in that direction.

> No Jonas, this way. The Elder's have the bridge. Our bridge is this way. Asher told him.

> They walked for a bit, but not too far, and suddenly, Asher said, We are here.

> Jonas looked, but he couldn't see any bridge. Only a piece of lumber haphazardly strewn across the river.

> No way. Jonas said aloud.

> Asher grinned that wide smile of his, and said, Yes way You'll have to swim the horses. My Memory about horses was about swimming them across a river.

> Jonas looked confused.

> We'll help you Jonas! Duke told him.

> Why am I not comforted.

> But an hour later they were across, and if a bit wetter then when they'd started, they were all fine.

> They passed the Hatchery, and Jonas' group was waved wildly at by a girl who he recognized as Madeline, from school.

> Jonas saw Asher wave back then turn with a smile on his face. We have accomplished so much. We have the Hatchery, and alot of the old fields.

> Asher looked proud, but then, who blamed him?

> He wondered if Fiona would look the same. Well, he knew she'd look exactly like she had before, outside at least, but had she picked up the same glint in her eyes? A more confident walk.

> He guessed he was trying to ask himself if, he, Jonas had developed them. Almost everyone in the other Community had them, and so, maybe he did. Or maybe he didn't.

> But as he looked at his friend, he decided, he would see soon enough, and he shouldn't worry. Should he?

> Ah, that is the question isn't it, Jonas? Or maybe you are worrying about-'>
 Shut up! this time he did say t aloud, and Asher stared at him.
>
 What's wrong, did I say something-
>
 No, I'm sorry, it wasn't you, any of you. Jonas stammered.
>
 Asher looked concerned, and even a bit confused, but he dropped the subject and again began to talk about their accomplishments.
>
 And in two days we attack the Sameness generator. Asher continued.
>
 That brought Jonas out of his thoughts. You are going to attack it? How? Jonas asked, surprised, but pleased at the same time.

>
 Asher launched himself into telling about the plan, and why they needed the twins skills with fireworks, it took a full ten minutes.
>
 Jonas took advantage of the lull in conversation to look around him. They were almost to the Annex, which seemed to be where they were heading. Would Fiona be there?
>

>
 Fiona could hear the Giver moving from where she sat, mulling over reports. She also heard the buzzer for the door ring, but before she could get up, The Giver crossed the lavish room to the hallway and out farther to the main door.
>
 She leaned over the reports again. They were four fireworks behind schedule, the new hatchlings of fish were doing extremely well, so on and so forth, and to be totally honest, Fiona was bored.

>
 Yes, she is here, just come right in Asher. She heard The Giver's calm voice brimming with excitement. She wondered what Asher had brought with him.

>
 She turned towards the door, only it wasn't Asher who came walking in, it was....Jonas.

>
 She got up, knocking her chair over in her haste ran to Jonas and hugged him so hard he fell back into the doorway, he caught himself on the frame.

>
 Fiona blushed, her cheeks turning the same color as her long red hair. She stepped back, brushed off her clothes, then looked up at Jonas.

>
 Hello Jonas. I have missed you. Fiona said shyly. Why was she shy? and in front of Jonas as well.

>
 Hello Fiona. I have traveled far to help you. I have missed you. Jonas replied.

>
 Suddenly, Fiona heard loud shouts and whistling, it came from two boys who looked alarmingly alike.

>
 Jonas has a girlfriend! They shouted.

>
 It was Jonas' turn to become deep red in the face.

>
 Besides the two young boys, there were several other people in the Annex waiting room.

>
 She looked back at Jonas. At those capturing blue eyes. There was something different about him, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

>
 You have a lot of explaining to do. Fiona told him.

>
 Let's sit down first. It's a long story. Jonas replied with a wry grin she hadn't seen him use before.

>
 Alright then. and with that, Fiona sat down and looked at Jonas expectantly.

>

>

>
 ~Siti~

>

7. Chapter Six

Giver6

Hi all!

>
 Bet some of you have given up on me! Well I'm back, and with a new chapter that involves new twists, turns and unfortunately for some of you, a huge cliff hanger at the end. But not as big as next times will be!

>
 As always I'd like to thank my reviewers, Tammy, Daine, Liz Skywalker, Jenn, and *~Amethyst~*

>
 Wow! That's a bigger number than usual, but I'd still like more! Leave a comment, it only takes a second and it's one thing that keeps me writing this story.

>
 Disclaimer- I do not own, nor claim to own The Giver or any of the characters within, however, Granny, Goren, Duke, Jake, Eliza, and Hunney belong to me, and if you'd like to use them, give me an email and some credit please.

> <p>

> Chapter Six
 The Community

>

Fiona stared wide eyed at her childhood friend, as he recounted a tale that seemed to have come out of one of the Giver's books. But, here it was. The results right in front of her.

>
 As he told her about the Community along the forgotten trail, she saw in that village, what she and all the people on her side hoped to gain. But first was first, and the elders must be overthrown.

>
 She sighed, and automatically, Granny put her arm around her, she looked up in the old woman's face in surprise.

>
 Well, I've been here many more years than anyone else in this room, baring the Giver, and one thing I always say to my family is anything is possible if you want it bad enough. You have a plan to overthrow the elders, do you not? Granny told her.

>
 Yes. We do. Fiona launched into the story of how they were planning to overthrow the Sameness generator, and the Elders, and live happily after.

>
 Goren frowned. There is much that can go wrong, and even after hearing this plan twice, I do not know how grown adults could be scared by fireworks, and children with sticks.

>
 Fiona glared at him, They will be afraid of fireworks because they have rejected the memories. Many have already forgotten the good ones, because they dwell on the bad. And we are not children' for to be called that, you have to be naive and innocent. And no offence Goren, but we do not fit the category for children any more.

>

>
 Jonas stared dumbfounded at his once gentle friend. She had grown, and in more ways than one. But, he liked the new out-spoken personality she now gave off. Her brilliance, intermingled with her suffering, and had given her a new aura, and aura of confidence, mixed with compassion, and he loved her for it.

>
 Could he like Fiona? As in, really like, he didn't know. He was new to real emotion, and so was she. Love was unknown to him before the Giver. And for quite a bit of time at the beginning.

>
 _Doubt again Jonas? What are you thinking Jonas? I know. I know...

>
 _Washe going crazy on top of all of this? He hoped not. He needed all the sanity that he had for what was coming.

>
 Granny then asked, what he realised was an extremely sensible question. What parts will we all play in all this? I for one am not going to sit here doing nothing.

>
 Fiona did have an answer for that.

>
 Well, I guess that would depend on where your skills lie. I was counting on Jonas joining my team, he had a great deal more memories than the rest of us, and knows more about Sameness. Fiona told him.

>
 But all of my memories were gone after I left the Communities! Fiona's eyes pleaded with him to come with her.

>

>
 Asher's heart plummeted. Fiona may not realise it, but ever since Jonas had come into the room shem hadn't said a word to him. Not a word. It was like they were in love or something.

>
 Could they be? Ashewr hoped not. For he found he was falling in love with Fiona too.

>

>
 The jobs were quickly filled, with Granny on defence of the fort, and Goren and the boys on firework and commotion duty. Jonas was to help destroy the Sameness generator. Everything was to happen in two days.

>

>
 Too fast, way too fast, Jonas felt like the world was

swirling around him, voices swirling around him, the last thing he heard was,

>
 And then he dropped into oblivion.

>
 But his peace was not to be long lived, for soon he was haunted with night-mares that seemed so real, until he realised that the night-mares were his own memories.

>
 _Needless to say, he will be released.

>
 Do you see anything about those flowers Asher?

>
 Jonas! You're hurting me!

>
 Apprehensive, that's what he was.

>
 I made a fist, like this.

>
 Do you love me?_

>
 Jonas sat bolt upright, finding himself in a white room, white everywhere.

>
 Suddenly, Fiona's face was next to his.

>
 Are you okay? you blacked out for a bit there. Doctor says over exhaustion. He set the others in your party to bed. She grinned, and he suddenly felt much better. He had to threaten Goren with a needle full of anesthetic before he'd lie down. Her face changed. He was very worried about you. Are you sure you are okay?

>
 He reassured her that he was, and to prove it to her he got up and started to walk towards the door.

>
 Hesitantly, she followed him. How long was I out?

>
 She paused before answering him, then said, Thirty-six hours. The others are waiting upstairs. They've been up hours. It's almost time to get started.

>
 Jonas' throat tightened, and he was almost scared.

Apprehensive, he thought sarcastically.

>
 He walked into one of the conference rooms in the House of the Old, up front was a man who had a pointer like his Instructors had used and was preparing to inform them of all they knew about the Sameness Generator. Jonas could tell that he had been one of the Old, for his hair was gray, and wrinkles dominated his worry-filled face.

>
 He cleared his voice, signalling for silence.

>
 Okay, there isn't much we do know about the generator, except that it makes the sameness work, and fortunately, where it is located. He turned to the map, and extended his pointer until the tip touched a small usually unnoticed building.

> The Generator is located in this building. It is larger than it looks and people who have worked on the Generator all agree that they thought it was underground. Guards were also everywhere, even when there was nobody in the Community to try and hurt it.

> After his speech there was silence for a couple seconds, then everyone had a question, or comment..

> Suddenly the doors burst open, and two citizens in training, and one adult, dragged another into the meeting hall.

> The adult, a female sneered at Fiona. Fiona looked like she might pass out. Jonas subconsciously moved closer to her.

> It's my mother. She murmured.

> *****

> Fiona stared at her, dumbfounded. She hadn't seen her mother since the beginning, the day that she had taken Bruno and left their dwelling.

> I'm merely a messenger to you, my life means nothing release me if that is what you want. But hear me now. The Elders will never give up. Never. Her eyes suddenly caught sight of the map. Why do you have a map there, unless you are planning to- she cut herself off.

> Suddenly she struggled against her guards, thought she knew they

far out did her in strength. Let me go! I can't fail! she screamed, and the sound bounced off the walls, magnifying the sound.

 > They sent her to get at me. To wear me down, she realised.

 > Her face hardened. Well it wasn't going to work.

 > Lock her in a room. Place guards at the doors, and make sure there are no escape routes. She can't escape with the information she pocesses. With that she waved them out of the room.

 > After they were gone, she stood up. Now is the time to move. Good luck all. It wasn't a long speech, and it wasn't fancy, but somehow, it didn't need to be.

 > Team two, with me. Asher called, and he, and his team left, Asher winking at her as he went past.

 > Team three, Report to your assigned posistions. Goren called, and more yet lets, untill there were only a half dozen or so still in the room.

 > Team one, with me. She whispered, but all knew what she meant, and what she must be feeling and first comforted her with their silence, then as one, they walked for the door.

 > *****

 > As they walked down familar hall with an unfamiliar purpose, Asher thought again about the onerous task ahead.

 > He heard just behind him, the companionable talking of Jake and Duke, and he slowed to let them catch up.

 > Do yout two think we can do this? He asked.

 > Of course! Fireworks are nothing. All you need is the firework, and the lighter, or whatever kind of fir eyou are using, and, BOOM! Alot of niose and color, and mysified people everywhere.Duke said optimistically.

 > And with that, they exited the House of the Old.

 > *****

 > Goren, say his sons exir the building with Asher, and he told himself that it was his job to make sure that this building was still here when they came back. He turned to the Giver and said, Here we go. It's now or never. The Giver nodded.

 > The Giver spoke into the PA system they had set up in the House of the Old, All unit, prepare for project Difference. Repeat, prepare for project Difference. He turned thee PA off with a resounding and turned back to Goen. May luck be with them all and us too.

 > *****

 > Unlike the others, Jonas' group exited using the back doors, aroud n the Community throught the feilds. Everything seemed quiet. But he knew that wouldn't be the case in a few minutes. For now he settled himself and began to wait.

 > Soon, and yellow firework shot nto te sky, acompanied b a loud BOOM, an orange one followed soon after untill thie sky was full of them. Then, a large purple one fullled the sky, bigger, and louder the all that had come before.

 > That's the signal. Lets go. Fiona told them.

 > And they moved towards destiny.

 >

 > ~Siti~<p>

8. Chapter Seven

Giver7

Hi all!!

>
 You guys are going to hate me at the end of this one. You really are! If you thought the last one was bad, you haven't seen

nothing yet!

>
 I'm having so much fun with this, I can't believe it's almost over. But it is! And that makes me sad. So I have a question for all you guys. Should I do a sequel to this one? There is only ones more chapter left, and maybe we want to change that.

> Just maybe.

> As always, I love it when you review. My favorite word is review, so please do it, and if you don't want anyone to see it, email me! Please, I'm begging you!!

> I always thank my reviewers, so thanks to, Daine, *~Amethyst~*, Liz Skywalker,
 Speaker Ryoga, Tammy, and Jenn.

>
 Thank you everyone, and enjoy the fic!!! (Cliffhanger included.)

>

>
 Chapter Seven

> Community

> <p>

Asher nodded to each person, young and old, and they ran off with heavy burdens. Some of them he knew, would never come back. He waited untill last before turning to Duke and Jake, who were still leaning over the empty tube of the huge purple fire work.

>
 As he slung a large pack to his shoulders Duke muttered to himself, I feel like a mule.

>
 "What's a mule? Asher asked/

>
 Duke rolled his eyes, and Jake told him, A small horse, a beast of burden.

>
 I see. Asher said, not really understanding at all. The twins launched themselves to their feet with practiced ease, and took off together, splitting after a short way.

>
 Asher sighed, and began to set another fire work.

>

>
 Jonas' group slunk through the shadows, avoiding friend and for. They walked as quietly as possible thought the thick underbrush that lined the for of the meadow near the Community. Fiona gestured, and they headed for the target.

>

>
 Goren watched through a window as fireworks became more frequent. He saw adults that had to be the enemy, chasing smaller figures, who darted into the shadows and alleys, he hadn't seen one caught yet. The Elder must be starting to worry.

>
 Just then a intruder alert went off. Goren whirled and began to run down the hall shouting orders as he went, this was no joy ride he reminded himself. He'd be in every bit as much danger as the kids. He saw his mother in law slightly ahead of him, he shouted for her to wait.

>

>
 Jonas' group met up with no resistance as they crept closer to the small building, but looks could be deceiving, he knew, and he wasn't taking any chances.

>
 Fiona beckoned for him to come up by her, she began to whisper the plan as the crawled through the thick bushed surrounding the Generator Building.

>
 There are going to be guards, but I hope not as many, because of the havoc we are causing, but either way, this won't be easy. We have no clue on how to shut the Generator down, we are going to have to guess, or destroy it.

>
 Just then, a door he hadn't noticed on the Building's wall

opened, and half a dozen gourds came rushing out. Fiona put a long slender finger to her mouth, and they all fell silent.

>
 Suddenly, one of their own men began to yell, They are over here!Hurry! Over here.

>
 Jonas swore under his breath, Come on, cover's blown, get inside anyway you can!

>
 Their group scattered, but there were more guards than attackers, and most were quickly overcome.

>
 Jonas had launched himself up a tree, a skill he hadn't even known he had., from his hiding spot, he could see their group being rounded up by guards, he also saw Fiona, crouching the the brush they'd all run from, and Jinkie, a man of about sixty, hiding behind another tree. The other four members of their team, and the traitor, were going into the building.

>
 Be careful, there are still three more out there! Yondo, the traitor shouted, The three that are musing are the most dangerous, don't be fooled by their youth, or by the Old.

>
 Jonas was tempted to spit at Yondo's retreating back, but he knew it would accomplish nothing, and likely get him captured.

>
 After the door again shut, Jonas slid down from the tree. He embraced Fiona as she got out of the bush. Jinkie walked up to them.

>
 We have half of the team we started with. Can we still do it? Jinkie asked

>
 Fiona's face hardened, Of course we can! We'll just have to try harder, that's all.

>
 First we have to get inside. Jinkie said.

>

>
 Duke ducked into a dark alley, as even more grown people ran by. Where were they all coming from? Sighing, he began to prepare yet another firework, lit it and ran for dear life!

>
 He ran out of the alley, and smacked into a guard. Now I've got you!

>
 Not on your life he thought, then dropped to the ground and scrambled thought the tall man's legs, jumped to his feet and began to run. At that point, the firework went off,

> and the guard had something else to worry about.

> That was too close.' Duke thought, and vowed to be more careful.

> *****

> Granny thumped a pipe onto a large mans head. He dropped like a stone.

> Nearby, other people were in similar fights with guards, and most were winning by sheer numbers, the guards hadn't been expecting retaliation from the Old. Well they'd show them. Granny swung her pipe at yet another guard, she heard bones bend with a resounding WHAP!

> *****

> Jinkie tapped a knuckle onto the place where the door had appeared. They were about ready to give up, and Jinkie leaned onto the wall, then seemed to fall into solid wall!

> They heard Jinkie's voice call from inside. It wasn't a real wall, why didn't we notice before.

> You know, he's right. Jonas commented.

> Oh well, we are in right? That's what matters! Fiona shrugged.

> Fiona's hand reached for Jonas', he clasped it. They walked through the wall.

> Inside, they found an empty hallway. It was painted white, and went on for about thirty feet, then seemed to drop from sight.

> It's a staircase. Jinkie told them. Fiona nodded.

> Jonas shrugged. Should we find the others or just go for the generator?

> Fiona looked torn between saving her team, and stopping the very think that kept her community in horrible bondage.

> She made up her mind quickly however. We go after the generator.

> *****

> Asher's head was spinning. People were running everywhere, and he couldn't tell who was who. Or which side they were on, all he knew was to avoid the guards and to set another, and another firework. Fiona is depending on me, he thought.

> *****

> The Giver walked down the now empty hallway. He had helped as much as he could, but he was just too run down with the effort. He could help by organizing, where his own strength could not let him down. As he turned into the office, he called out,

> But it was not the slender youth that answered him.

> Hello Giver. It was all the Giver could do not to gape with his mouth open. He was staring at his son.

> Hello Father. Never expected to see me, did you? Well, here I am! I've been ordered to kill you Father. But lets have a bit of fun first, shall we?

> This isn't happening.

> *****

> Goren felt like he was going to pass out. People blurred together. It wasn't many fights with many people, it was a long, horrible fight with one, immortal man. He lived for the next swing, the next punch. But he lived.

> *****

> Jake wasn't having much trouble. He had always been the more careful of he and his brother, he peered around corners before going around them, he hadn't met too close up with any men yet. But he was running out of fireworks.

> He looked around the next dwelling.

> He heard voices. Now I've got you you, you animal!

> A small girl, she could not be more the ten, he recognized her for his team, was being grabbed by a guard. His blood boiled. They don't care about anything! Not even the continuation of their race!

> He barreled around the corner.

> Surprised, the guard let go of the girl. He yelled, Get out of here! She took his advice.

> At the last minute, he avoided a collision with the burly guard, and ran straight into a dwelling. The door had been hanging open. And there were no locks around here.

> He ran through the little house, and in the eating room, he threw open the window and dove out. The guard was too big to follow.

> *****

> Jonas edged down the stairs. He was first, but Fiona was right behind him, and Jinkie took up the rear.

> All at once, the stairway seemed to become darker, Jonas realized the the white paint had ceased. Now the walls were plain cement. The overhead rlights had changed from bright overheads, to little bulbs. The whole stairway seemed to hav e jumped out at him.

> Jonas' stepped down again, then almost fell over. Well, that's one way to realize the the stairs have stopped.

> There was a door partially opened to his left, and ahead of him the dark hall continued.

> As he passed the door, he looked inside. Just as quickly, he looked away. They were desperate. There were no guards in sight. The dead do not need one.

> Resolutely, he kept going. But it took all his will. All his strength to not lose, right here.

> Fiona had looked in, then as he had quickly out. Jinkie didn't even look. He'd had friends in there.

> After a bit, another door came up. From within this one, he heard voices.

> He quickly slid past the doorway, not making a sound. Fiona did the same. Then Jinkie. In relief, they kept going.

> Suddenly, Jinkie sneezed.

> *****

> Granny had nobody to fight for the moment, Whoo-ee! I haven't worked like that for years!

> Then she sobered. People were risking their lives tonight. She just hoped they won.

> *****

> Duke was heading back to the House of The Old. He was out of Fireworks, and he thought he could do more good there than here. AS the big building came into sight. He realize that this war meant just the same to these people as his life meant to him. Only for him, others had made that sacrifice, like Granny.

> Suddenly, someone grabbed him from behind.

> *****

> The voices in the small room stopped. Then they came running out. He could hear their footsteps, closer and closer to the door.

> Jonas threw caution to the winds. He ran. He heard Fiona's light step right behind him, but then he heard Jinkie shout. They had him.

> Take that you bastard!! And that! Or maybe not.

> Go Jonas! The Generator is at the end of this hall! Then her footsteps stopped, and he heard Fiona's shouts join Jinkie's.

> He was tempted to go back to them. Oh so tempted. But he didn't. They had given him the time he needed. He ran, faster than he'd ever run before!

> All at once the walls spread out, he was there. In front of him was a huge panel. What button? What button!! His hand went back and forth over the panel, almost touching, then pulling up.

> Little Jonas scared? Scared he will push the wrong button? Which one little Jonas? Which one?

> Defiantly he lowered his hand, GET OUT OF MY HEAD! He aimed for a small red button. Closer.... closer....

>
 Then wham! Something grabbed his foot from behind, his elbow slammed in the panel. Then, everything went dark.

>
 ~Siti~

>

>

>

9. Chapter Eight

Giver8

Hi All!

>
 I was as eager for the end as you are, so I wrote this part pretty fast. I hope you like it. It sure was satisfying to write.

>
 Now for some questions. Mainly, should I do a sequel? I'm thinking about it, but I'm not sure yet. Any suggestions would be just great!

>
 I finally finished it, and I'm not sure to be happy or sad. I'm happy that it's done, but sad that it is at the same time. Confused yet?

>
 Thanks for sticking with me. As a thank-you, I'm going to dedicate this story to Liz Skywalker, *~Amethyst~*, Daine, and Jenn. These people are great. And I want to give back something for sticking with me from the beginning. So thanks! This story is now in your names.

>
 Thanks to all my other reviewers too, you're important too, but those named above have reviewed every chapter, and deserve it. So thanks also to Levee, Alex Foster, Rebeller, tammy, Emily, Pinto, Sara, LeatherChick, Maria, Luna, Euphoria, Speaker Ryoga, and anonymous.

>
 As for the disclaimer, The Giver and everything within belong to Lois Lowry. However, Goren, Duke, Jake, Granny, Hunney, Eliza, and Jinkie belong to me, and if you wish to use them, and you're quite welcome to, just email me first, and give me some credit.

>
 Wow! Long authors note.

> <p>

>

> Chapter Eight

> <p>

It took a moment for Jonas to realize he wasn't dead, wasn't gone. But it was dark. So very dark, but there! Not ten feet from him, was light. But the darkness had spread, and was spreading still, moving faster. Total darkness. He heard people yelling. He heard Fiona yelling. He dragged himself to his feet. His arm hurt, and he thought he might have sprained his wrist.

>
 Suddenly, he remembered the guard. He glanced around, blast it all, he couldn't see a thing. He reached in his pocket for the flashlight that had been in there since he'd left Goren's, it really didn't even qualify as a flashlight, more of a penlight. He turned it on, and a small tunnel of light flashed out. It didn't seem to partially combat the dark, but he wouldn't hit his head now.

>
 He heard whimpering from a corner. He turned the light that way, there was the guard. He had his head in his hands, and looked more like a small child, than a grown man.

>
 he called.

> she answered. Jonas! Over here, back down the hall. All the guards are out cold. I don't know why.

> He moved in the direction of her voice. Soon his light flashed over a person. Fiona, he knew.

> Is Jinkie okay? he asked.

> I'm fine, just a bit roughed up. What do you say we get out of here? Jinkie suggested.

> Together, the three moved towards the staircase.

> *****

> Duke whirled, flashing his pocket knife. Whoa! It's only me, Jake. Calm down.
 Duke relaxed. It was only his brother. C'mon, they'll need our help inside.

>
 The two entered The House Of The Old, by the side door, the one closest to the administrative office.

>
 As they walked down the hall they talked about each others adventures, to Duke this was just a game. Sure, a serious and

important game, but a game none the less.

>

>
 Jake was worried about Duke. He hadn't been serious about any of this. He couldn't believe his twin's arrogance. This wasn't a game, not any of it, but Duke was acting like hey would wake up in their beds tomorrow, and none of this will have happened.

>
 Jake swung in the door of the Admin. office, and pulled to a sudden halt. The Giver was being threatened by an adult!

>
 So you see Receiver, Giver, whoever you are. Father! That's why I need to kill you. If I kill you, all of this will go away. The insane man yelled.

>
 No! If you kill he, you will only unleash another wave of Memories! A larger one! The Giver protested.

>
 I don't believe you. Never again. The man shouted.

>
 The elders know this! Why did they send you? The Giver mused.

>
 What makes you think they sent me? He yelled, and there was nothing louder Jake had ever heard.

>
 Then, from behind him, he caught a flash of light, then Duke shot past him. It was almost too quick to see, then Duke's pocket knife was up to the hilt in the man's back.

>

>
 Duke stared at his hand. Was he insane? He'd just killed a man! He dropped the knife and sagged to his knees, and began to cry. Jake was behind him in a second, his hands supported his shoulders. This was too much. Too much. He had killed someone. He threw up.

>
 Then the Giver was beside him as well.

>
 Oh Duke. A child should never have to kill. It isn't in their nature. At least not a non-community raised child. The Giver tried to soothe him.

>
 He was a monster, wasn't he? A monster!

>

>
 Asher couldn't stand it a moment longer! He was out of fireworks, and was doing no good here. He moved towards the building that housed the Generator. Then he stopped in his tracks. He stared ahead of him. A wave of blackness was upon him. He stumbled forward, Fiona and Jonas were in there somewhere, and he wasn't losing them, not again.

>
 He couldn't see anything. He lit a match, the light that flowed from it seemed to pierce the darkness like the sun rays he'd seen in Memories. It held a symbol for him. They would win.

>
 Then, he saw light ahead.

>

>
 Jonas felt slightly cold, and then, then dark was gone. It passed over them like the sun over a mountain in the morning.

>
 Then, he saw it.

>

>
 Fiona stared, transfixed at the beautiful orb in the sky. The sun. She was seeing the sun. Then it vanished between clouds, he felt something touch her skin. Rain, she knew.

>
 But then the sun came out again. Fiona was speechless as the rainbow stretched across the sky.

>
 So many colors, so much better than the Memory. So much better.

>
 Then the earth began to shake, she yelled, even as the ground dropped from beneath them.

>

>
 Goren walked toward the Admin. Office. As he entered, he slowly took in the sight of the body in the corner, Duke's pocket

knife laying near it. He also saw The Giver and Jake huddled around Duke.

>
 He quickly sized up the situation.

>
 He walked over to Duke, and lifted him up by his arm.

>
 Listen to me. It isn't your fault. He was threatening everything about you.

>
 Slowly, Duke nodded that he understood. Goren felt the Giver's hand on his shoulder. Goren, there are more parties involved than we thought.

>

>
 Soon after, Granny joined them, and all they could do was wait and hope that the others would come back.

>
 "Geese! Granny, Dad come over here, you have to see this! Jake yelled from the window.

>
 They looked out the window to, to what? Nobody knew what it was. Only that it was pitch black, and getting closer.

>

>
 Jonas and Fiona only fell a few inches before their feet stuck the ground again, but this time, it was uneven.

>
 Hey Jonas! I'm as tall as you are! Fiona joked, though they both knew they had done it. They had taken away the sameness.

>
 Well Fiona. All I have to say is this. And Jonas kissed her.

>
 It was then that Asher came out of the darkness.

>

>
 Asher felt betrayed. He didn't know why, Fiona had made no promises to him. All he could do was watch his two best friends kiss, and wonder where he'd gone wrong.

>
 They parted. And he cleared his throat. They turned toward him as one. Totally together, and he knew he never had a chance. May as well make the best of it, he told himself. Crying won't make anything different. And, so the disappointed boy smiled.

>
 We did it. We really did. All we have to do it wait for it to spread. Asher told them.

>
 Jonas nodded.

>
 Asher cut him off. I was furious with you inside for coming back and winning Fiona's heart. But I should have known I never had a chance with you too. I'm not mad anymore. I understand now.

>
 Jonas walked over to his friends of many years, and hugged him. And wonder of wonder, Asher hugged him back. They were friends again.

>

>
 Fiona walked over to the newly revived friends. She took Jonas' hand and told him, Come on Jonas, Asher, let's go to the base. They should have been stuck by the dark already. It seems to be moving faster.

>
 And so the three walked together through the rain, and under the rainbow.

>

>
 They ran outside, toward the dark. Were they mad? Goren thought they probably were.

>
 Then, it was upon them. And just as quickly, it was gone.

>
 I'm getting soaked! Duke shouted, and Goren smiled, he knew his son would never be the same, but he would recover. Of that he was now sure.

>
 Granny shouted. And they did.

>
 They saw a rainbow, underneath it were four people. Three behind, and one running ahead.

>
 The Giver asked. Where are the others? What happened?

>
 Watch out! The ground- Too late. The ground dropped from under

all of them, but Jake, who shot up two inches.

>
 I see what you mean! Jake shouted.

>
 As they recovered from the shock, they looked at the other three people. They saw, linked hand in hand, Jonas, Fiona, and Asher. Together, they began to run, soon they were with the others.

>
 Where is the rest of you team? The Giver asked slowly.

>
 Fiona and Jonas looked at the ground, it was Jinkie who answered. They are only Memories now. I'm sorry.

>

>
 Later, Goren brought up the fact that he would soon be leaving. Then he asked the hundred-dollar question.

>
 Who's coming with me? I'm going to adopt any of those who wish it.

>
 You have to work hard! Duke told them.

>
 It's worth it! Jake added.

>
 Asher was the first to answer. I can't. There still is too much to be done here, I can't leave, as tempting as it may be.

>
 Fiona looked at Jonas, then back at the Community. I can't leave either. I'm sorry Jonas. But I can't! This is my home, and I need to make it work.

>
 Then I'm not going either. "Jonas surprised everyone by saying. I can't leave Fiona! Not after I've just found out how much she means to me! Take care of Gabe for me will you? He deserves it.

>
 Of course we will. And we will be back. I promise you that. Granny told him, love in every part of her voice.

>
 You are my son. And don't you ever forget that. Goren told him. Good-bye Jonas.

>
 Bye-bye Goren!! New voices were heard from behind him, it was Bruno, and Phillipa.

>
 Another reason to stay.

>
 Then Jake stepped forward. Dad, I want to stay.

>
 The words hit Goren in the stomach like a rock.

>
 If that is what you want. What about Duke? Goren whispered.

>
 I'm going with you Duke said. We aren't the same person. We know that now.

>
 Then I can stay? Goren could hear the eagerness in his thirteen year old sons voice. He swallowed, and said yes.

>
 And so, an hour later Goren, Granny, and Duke left on the horses. They had left the horse Jonas had rode, and Jake's gelding Trent, behind. Goren and Granny waved. Duke only tuned once, his eyes full of tears. He flicked his hand in a years old signal between the twins. Jake returned it. And Duke finally smiled. Then he didn't look back.

>
 They rode off into the new sunset, and the ones left behind watched untilll they were out of sight.

>
 They had a town to rebuild.

>

Epilogue

>

Eliza watched and waited outside, for hours, just like she had every day since they had left. But she could feel, in her hearth that today would be different.

>
 Then, it happened, she heard a yell, and Duke burst into the field, followed by Granny, and finally Papa.

>
 Eliza got up and began to run.

>

>
 -And Jake decided to stay behind. Goren had just finished
telling the long tale of their adventures.
>
 Hunney smiled at him. And here I thought we were going to gain
new family members. And here we are with the same number we started
out with. She hugged Gabe, who hugged her back. The two year old had
begun to call her and it was the sweetest thing she had ever heard.

>
 No. We have more, Three more sons, but no more daughters,
somehow, I think we'll be related to Fiona a little later. Goren told
her.
>
 Hunney only smiled, and nodded.
>

>
 Fiona thought to herself, no matter how many times she saw the
sun set, she didn't think it would stop amazing her. It was too
beautiful, especially to one who had only seen a few in her lifetime.
She wondered if Granny was looking into the same sunset. If Goren
was.
>
 She decided it didn't matter either way. It felt good to
pretend.
>
 Jonas draped his arm across her shoulders, and she never
wanted to have to move. But she would. The very next time her
Community needed her. But right now, she just wanted to watch the
sunset next to Jonas.
>
 And she decided it was good.
>

End
file.